

Elvis Presley, Smokey Mountain Boy

I'm just a Smokey Mountain boy
Comin' back to the hills I love
Where the tops of pine all bend in the wind
And the deep blue sky above

The closer and closer I get to home
The more excited I am
Those were the mornings I'd roll out of bed
Start the day off with a hot corn bread
Smothered in huckleberry jam

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I can almost hear the hounds running through the woods
Close on the trail of a hare
How I long to be with them
Following the hounds a-huntin' again
Gettin' me a big old grizzly bear

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I've traveled around and met lots of girls
No matter how many I see
I left some pretty ones behind
I know back home is where I'll find
The girl whose love is meant for me

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